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YELLOWSTONE PARK

AND HOW IT
WAS NAMED





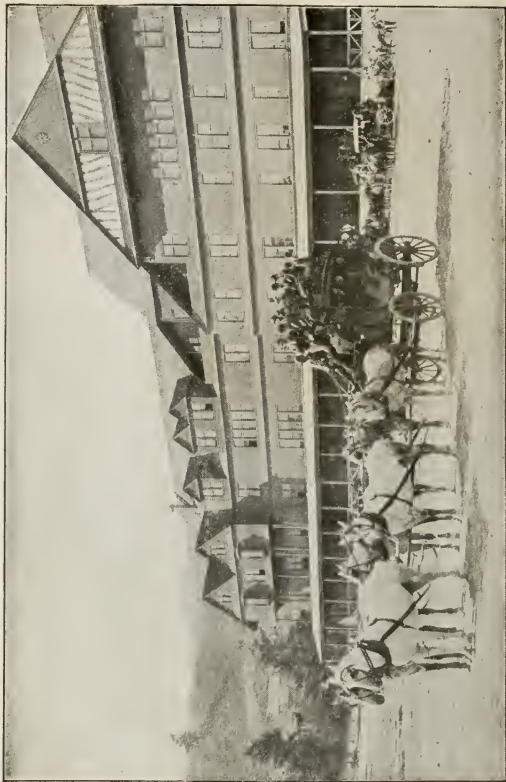
YELLOWSTONE PARK
AND
HOW IT WAS NAMED

EW



BY DR. WILLIAM TOD HELMUTH,
WITH SKETCHES BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON
AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. JAY HAYNES





MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS HOTEL



THE Devil was sitting in Hades one day,
In a very dejected sort of a way;

One could tell from his vigorous switch-
ing of tail,

His scratching his horn with the point of his nail,
That something had gone with his majesty wrong.
The steam, too, was thick and the sulphur was
strong.

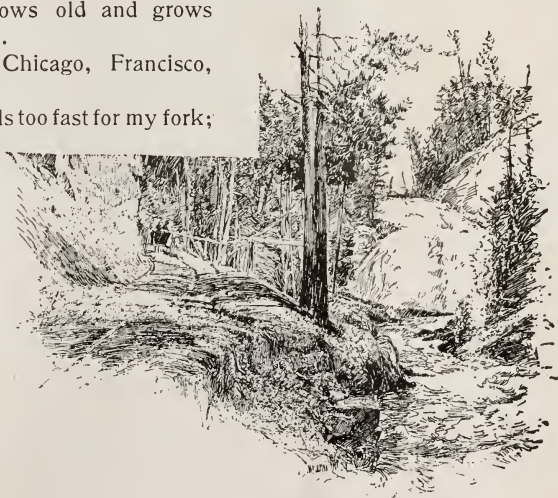
He rose from his throne with a gleam in his eye,
And beck'ning an agate-eyed imp standing by,
Commanded forthwith to be sent to him there
Old Charon employed in collecting the fare
Of the wicked, who crossing the waters of Styx
Soon found themselves deep in the deuce of a fix.
Old Charon, thus summoned, came soon to his
chief.

The Devil was angry, the confab was brief.
Says the Devil to Charon, "Now what shall I do?"

The world it grows old and grows
wickedder, too.

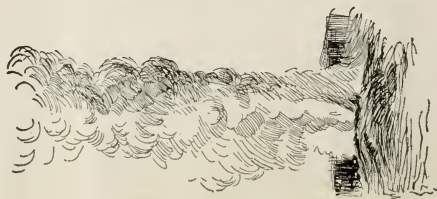
From Portland, Chicago, Francisco,
New York,

I get in my mortals too fast for my fork;





MINERVA TERRACE



I HAVEN'T the room in these caverns below,

St. Peter above is rejecting them so.

So hie you, my Charon, to earth right away,

Fly over the globe without any delay,

And find me a spot quite secluded and drear,

Where I can drill holes from the center in here.

I must blast out more space. Survey the spot well.

The project on hand is enlargement of hell.

But recollect one thing, old Charon, when you

Can locate the district where I can bore through,

There must be conveniences scattered around

To carry on business when I'm above ground.

An '*ink pot*' must always be ready at hand

To write out the names of the parties I strand.

There must be a '*punch bowl*,' '*a frying pan*,'
too.

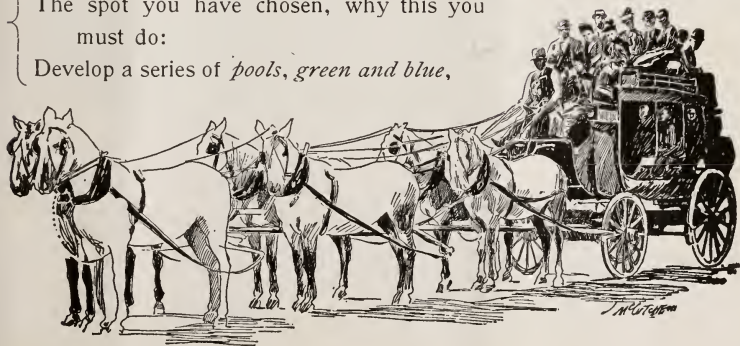
'*A cauldron*' in which to concoct a '*ragout*,'

An '*old faithful*' sentinel showing my power

Must shoot a salute on earth every hour.

{ And should any mortal by accident view
The spot you have chosen, why this you
must do:

{ Develop a series of *pools*, *green and blue*,





GOLDEN GATE

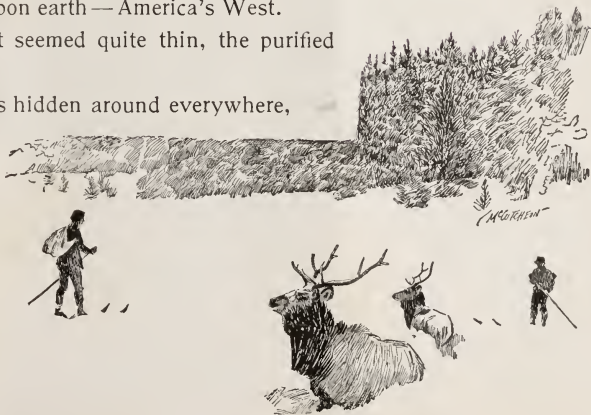
THAT while these poor earthlings my beauties admire,
They'll forget that below I'm poking the fire.

Now, fly away, Charon, be quick as you can,
For my place here's too full—I can't roast a man."

To earth flew fleet Charon, to regions of ice ;
He found them too cold—so away in a trice
He sought a location in Africa's sands;
Prospecting and finding too much on his hands,
He sought out Australia—Siberia, too,
The north part of China—no; they would not do;

Till just as about to relinquish the chase,
He stumbled upon a miraculous place.
'Twas deep in the midst of a mountainous range,
Surrounded by valleys secluded and strange,
In a country the greatest, the grandest, the best
To be found upon earth—America's West.
Here the crust seemed quite thin, the purified air,

With chemicals hidden around everywhere,





OBLONG GEYSER

WOULD soon make the lakes that the Devil desired.

He *flew to Chicago* and there to him wired:

"I've found you a place never looked at before ;
Now heat up the rocks, turn on water and bore."

* * * * *

The Devil with mortals kept plying the fire,
Extracting the water around from the mire,
And boring great holes with a terrible dust,
Till soon quite a number appeared near the crust.
Then he turned on the steam; lo! upward did fly,
Through rents in the surface, the rocks to the sky.
With hissing and spouting there came from each spot
Huge volumes of water remarkably hot,
Which there had lain hidden since Lucifer fell—
Thus immensely enlarging the confines
of hell.

It happens *that now*, when Old Charon
brings in
A remarkable load of original sin,
His majesty quietly rakes up the coals
And up spouts the water in jets through
the holes.





THE PAINT POT



NE may tell from the number of jets as they
come

How many poor mortals the Devil takes home.

* * * * *

But Yankees can sometimes, without doing evil,
O'ermatch in sagacity even the devil.

For not long ago Uncle Sam came that way
And said to himself, "Here's the Devil to pay:
Successful I've been in all previous wars;

Now Satan shall bow to the Stripes and the Stars.

This property's mine, and I hold it in fee,
And all of this earth shall its majesty see.

The deer and the elk unmolested shall roam,
The bear and the buffalo each have a home;
The eagle shall spring from its eyrie and soar
O'er crags in the canons where cataracts roar;
The wild fowls shall circle the pools in their flight,
The geysers shall flash in the moonbeams
at night.

Now I christen the country—let all nations
hark—

I name it *The Yellowstone National Park.*"

WM. TOD HELMUTH.

Grand Canon, August 7, 1892.





YELLOWSTONE FALLS







GRAND CANON OF THE YELLOWSTONE

SOUVENIR







